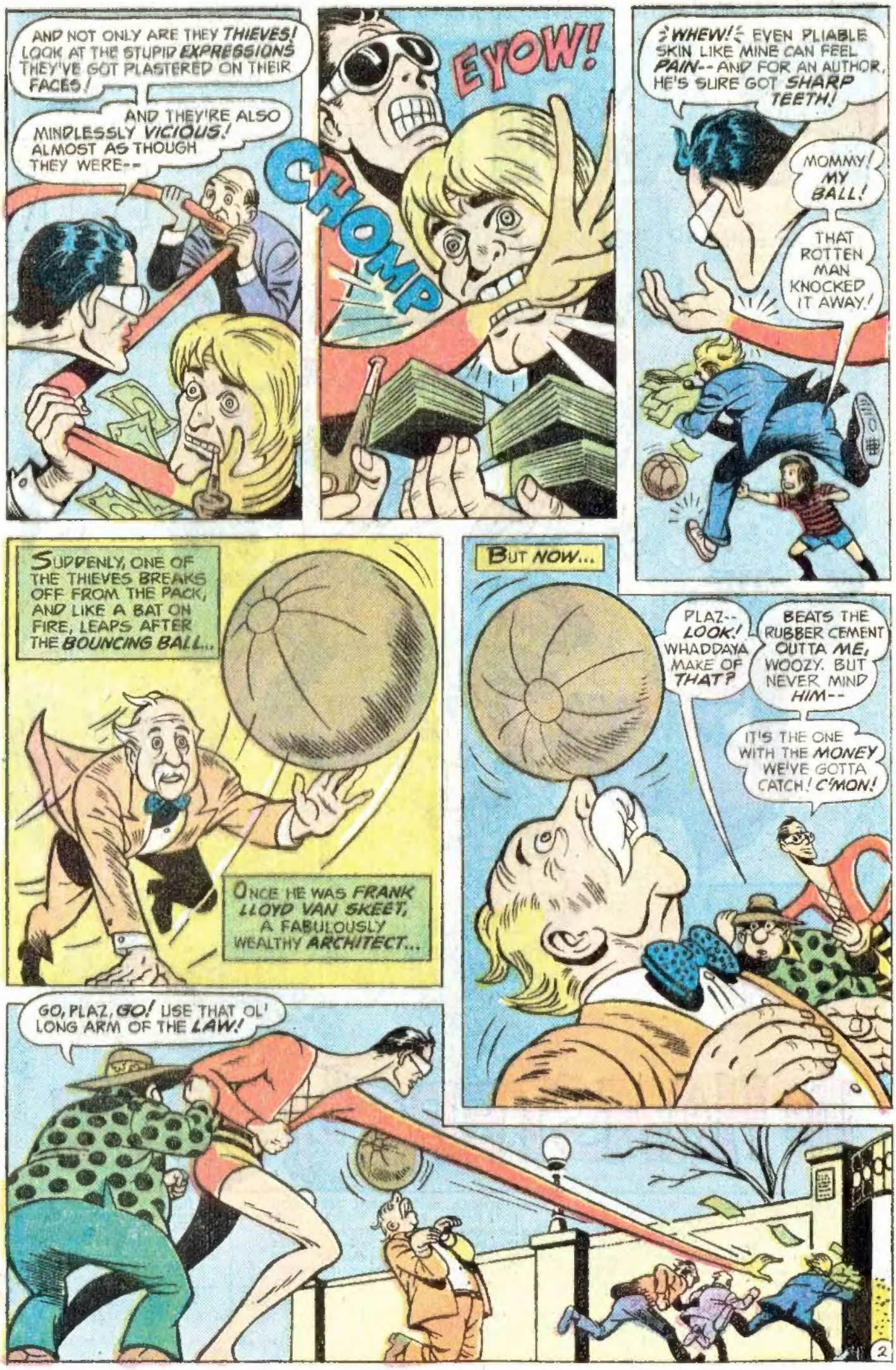
PLASTIC MAN
THE LINE OF
DC
SUPER-STARS
NEW ADVENTURES OF THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST HERO!
25¢
NO. 11
MAR.
32461
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
PLASTIC MAN
C-143

THE LONG-AWAITED RETURN OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE PLIABLE CRIME-SQUELCHER...
PLASTIC MAN
Steve Skeates - WRITER
Ramona Fradon and Teny Henson - ARTISTS
Gerry Conway - EDITOR
MID-DAY IN METROPOLIS: A PLEASANT NOONTIME WALK IS INTERRUPTED BY THE CLANG-CLANG-CLANG OF A BANK-ALARM, AND...
BAN
PLAZ! I KNOW THIS MAN! HE'S EDWIN MAXWELL, THE PLAYBOY-SOCIALITE! B-BUT...
I KNOW, WOOZY! THIS ONE HERE IS NEAL DENNIS, THE POPULAR SCIENCE-FICTION AUTHOR!
FIRST THESE PEOPLE ARE REPORTED MISSING! NOW THEY SHOW UP AS COMMON THIEVES... WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?
OKAY, READER, GET SET FOR ACTION, ADVENTURE, NEURITIS AND NOSTALGIA, AS PLASTIC MAN FACES...
The HAMSTERS of DOOM

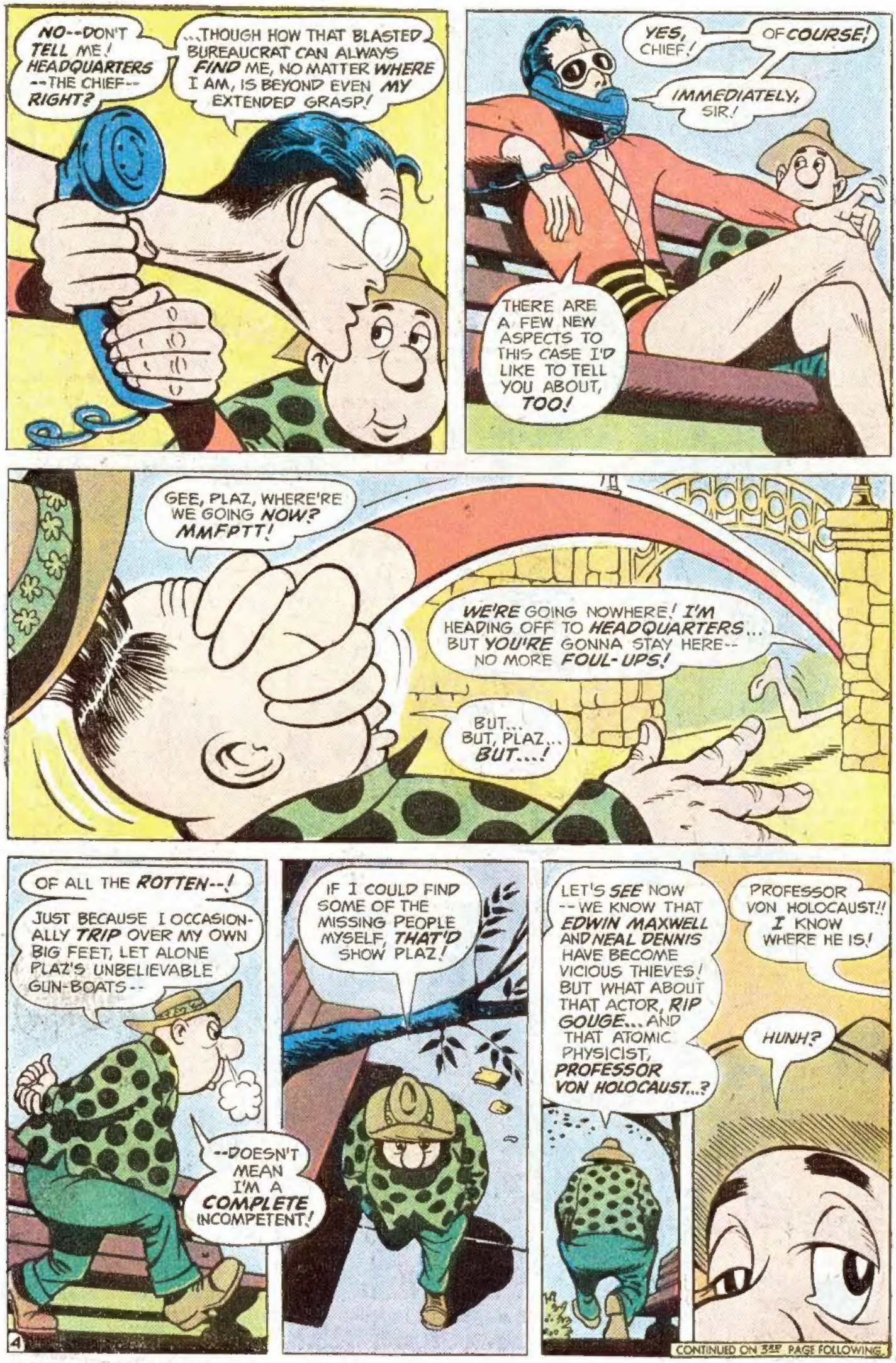
PLASTIC MAN, Vol. 4, No. 11, Feb.-Mar., 1976. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Gerry Conway, Editor. Paul Levitz, Assistant Editor. Sol Harrison, Vice President—Director of Operations. Bernard Kashdan, Vice President—Business Manager. Jack Adler, Production Manager. Advertising Representative, Sanford Schwarz & Co., Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, (212) 391-1400. Copyright © 1975 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: National Periodical Publications, Inc., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Rate $3 in U.S.A. ($4 elsewhere). Subscription is for consecutive issues totalling $3.00 of their cover prices.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.


AND NOT ONLY ARE THEY THIEVES! LOOK AT THE STUPID EXPRESSIONS THEY'VE GOT PLASTERED ON THEIR FACES!
AND THEY'RE ALSO MINDLESSLY VICIOUS! ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY WERE--
EYOW!
CHOMP
WHEW! EVEN PLIABLE SKIN LIKE MINE CAN FEEL PAIN-- AND FOR AN AUTHOR, HE'S SURE GOT SHARP TEETH!
MOMMY! MY BALL!
THAT ROTTEN MAN KNOCKED IT AWAY!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE THIEVES BREAKS OFF FROM THE PACK, AND LIKE A BAT ON FIRE, LEAPS AFTER THE BOUNCING BALL...
ONCE HE WAS FRANK LLOYD VAN SKEET, A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY ARCHITECT...
BUT NOW...
PLAZ-- LOOK! WHADDAYA MAKE OF THAT?
BEATS THE RUBBER CEMENT OUTTA ME, WOOZY. BUT NEVER MIND HIM--
IT'S THE ONE WITH THE MONEY WE'VE GOTTA CATCH! C'MON!
GO, PLAZ, GO! USE THAT OL' LONG ARM OF THE LAW!
2

RATS! THEY'RE JUST OUT OF MY REACH! I CAN'T--
HUNH? WH-WHAT'S THAT THING THEY'RE JUMPING INTO? SOME SORT OF HARDLY VISIBLE SPHERE, HANGING IN MID-AIR--?
NOW THEY'RE STARTING TO VANISH!
DON'T WORRY, PLAZ! I'LL GET 'EM!
IF THERE'S ONE THING I AM, IT'S FAST!
LOOK OUT, WOOZY!
OOMPH!
AND BY THE TIME THE CONTORTING CRUSADER HAS REGAINED HIS FOOTING...
WOOZY, YOU DOLT! YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO FOUL THINGS UP!
GONE! THE SPHERE AND THE MEN INSIDE--
THE WHOLE ENCHILADA HAS VANISHED!
WHEW AND PHEW! THIS SURE IS A STRANGE STREAM OF EVENTS!
FOR THREE WEEKS NOW, THE N.B.I.* HAS HAD US SEARCHING FOR THESE MISSING PERSONS!
THEN, SUDDENLY, THEY SHOW UP AS A BUNCH OF COMMON THIEVES WITH FAR-FROM-COMMON LOOKS IN THEIR EYES!
BRRING RRINNING
I'LL GET IT!
THIS SURE IS A BAFFLER!
PLAZ! IT'S FOR YOU!
HUNH? WHO...?
*THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, FOR WHICH PLAZ STILL WORKS AS AN OPERATIVE./ YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING INSTITUTE?? —GERRY.

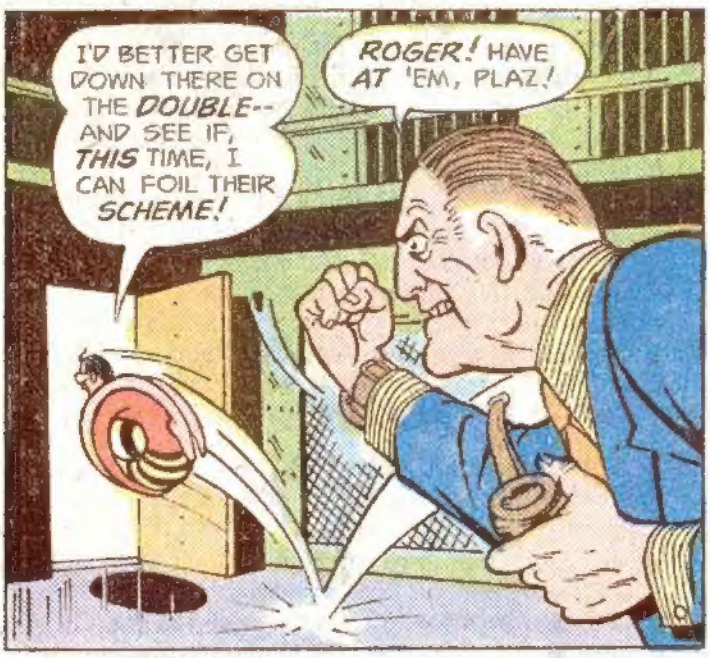

NO--DON'T TELL ME! HEADQUARTERS --THE CHIEF-- RIGHT?
...THOUGH HOW THAT BLASTED BUREAUCRAT CAN ALWAYS FIND ME, NO MATTER WHERE I AM, IS BEYOND EVEN MY EXTENDED GRASP!
YES, CHIEF!
OF COURSE!
IMMEDIATELY, SIR!
THERE ARE A FEW NEW ASPECTS TO THIS CASE I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT, TOO!
GEE, PLAZ, WHERE'RE WE GOING NOW? MMFPTT!
WE'RE GOING NOWHERE! I'M HEADING OFF TO HEADQUARTERS... BUT YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE-- NO MORE FOUL-UPS!
BUT... BUT, PLAZ... BUT....!
OF ALL THE ROTTEN--!
JUST BECAUSE I OCCASIONALLY TRIP OVER MY OWN BIG FEET, LET ALONE PLAZ'S UNBELIEVABLE GUN-BOATS--
--DOESN'T MEAN I'M A COMPLETE INCOMPETENT!
IF I COULD FIND SOME OF THE MISSING PEOPLE MYSELF, THAT'D SHOW PLAZ!
LET'S SEE NOW --WE KNOW THAT EDWIN MAXWELL AND NEAL DENNIS HAVE BECOME VICIOUS THIEVES! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ACTOR, RIP GOUGE... AND THAT ATOMIC PHYSICIST, PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST...?
PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST!! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!
HUNH?
4
CONTINUED ON 51ST PAGE FOLLOWING

WHAT DID YOU SAY, LITTLE GIRL?
MY MOMMY DOESN'T LET ME TALK TO STRANGERS! SO, BEFORE I ANSWER YOUR SILLY QUESTION, I'D BETTER INTRODUCE MYSELF...
...THEN WE WON'T BE STRANGERS ANYMORE!
I'M PRISSY CHICHESTER, THE CUTEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE SECOND GRADE!
AND WHAT I SAID WAS--I KNOW WHERE PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST IS! AND I CAN TAKE YOU TO HIM IF YOU WANT.
YOU... YOU CAN?
YOU BET YOUR BEADY LITTLE EYES I CAN, HANDSOME!
WE NOW TAKE YOU TO N.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE...
HI, THERE, SUNDAE!
THE CHIEF SENT FOR ME! IS HE FREE?
FREE? UH... NO, I DON'T THINK SO!
I THINK SOMEONE'S IN THERE WITH HIM...
...UH... AT THE MOMENT, ANYWAY!
L-S
OKAY, I'LL WAIT!
SO WHAT ARE YOU UP TO TODAY, MISS SUPPLEMENT?
UH...I'M LOOKING FOR MY LUNCH!
I THINK I FILED IT HERE, UNDER "L"! THE...UH...ONLY TROUBLE IS...THIS FOLDER SEEMS STUCK....!
HERE! I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND! WITH A BIT OF EFFORT...
...I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THE "L" OUTTA--
UH...NEVER MIND! HERE'S MY LUNCH UP HERE, UNDER "B"!
I GUESS I WAS PLANNING TO HAVE BRUNCH TODAY!
L-S
WOW! WHAT A BOZO!
5

THE FIRST TIME THE CHIEF ASKED HER TO FILE SOME PAPERS, SHE GOT LITTLE PAPER SHAVINGS ALL OVER THE OFFICE!
HEY! COME TO THINK OF IT, SUNDAE HAS THE SAME CRAZY EXPRESSION ON HER FACE THAT THOSE THIEVES HAD! ONLY, ON HER, IT'S NATURAL!
SHE'S ALWAYS HAD THE MIND OF A HAMSTER! WHICH MEANS--
JUST THEN...
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! THIS CAPER IS AS GOOD AS SOLVED!
HELLO THERE, SUPER-SECRET AGENT FOYLE! SEE YOU'RE AS SMUG AS EVER!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE INDIAN RUBBER MAN! YOUR DAYS AS N.B.I.'S TOP AGENT ARE NUMBERED, PAL!
I'VE GOT A NEW LEAD ON THIS MISSING PERSONS CASE, ONE I HAVEN'T EVEN TOLD THE CHIEF ABOUT YET--
--AND I'LL HAVE IT SOLVED BEFORE YOU EVEN LEARN WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING.
PLAZ! GET IN HERE-- NOW!
CHIEF
SURE, FOYLE, SURE!
COMING, CHIEF! COMING!
WELL, KEEP RIGHT ON COMING!
I'VE GOT SOMETHING IN THE DETENTION CENTER I WANT YOU TO SEE!
ONE OF THE MISSING PERSONS! WHEN WE FOUND HIM, HE WAS WANDERING AROUND TOWN, TWITCHING HIS NOSE AND LOOKING LOST!
WE'VE RUN SOME TESTS, PLAZ--AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HIS MENTAL CAPACITY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO!
OH, NO?
6

HOW'S THIS? HE NOW HAS THE MIND OF A WELL-TRAINED, HOUSE-BROKEN HAMSTER!
WH-WHA-? HOW DID YOU EVER--?
LET'S CALL IT A LUCKY STAB IN THE DARK!

SUDDENLY...
ATTENTION ALL AGENTS! OPERATIVE 12 HAS JUST REPORTED SEVEN STRANGE-ACTING MEN APPEARING IN MID-AIR NEAR THE CENTRAL TRUST AND LOAN! IT'S BELIEVED THESE MEN ARE--
LOOKS LIKE THE HAMSTER-HEADS ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE AGAIN!


I'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE ON THE DOUBLE-- AND SEE IF, THIS TIME, I CAN FOIL THEIR SCHEME!
ROGER! HAVE AT 'EM, PLAZ!

MEANWHILE, THE ROBBERY IS ALREADY UNDER WAY... AND IS BEING WATCHED OFFICIALLY BY MADDENED, GREEDY EYES...
AHH, GOOD! GOOD! SOON--VERY SOON--I SHALL BE THE RICHEST MAD-SCIENTIST IN THE WHOLE LOUSY WORLD!
CENTRAL TRUST & LOAN

WHEW! THEY'VE FINISHED THEIR ROBBERY AND ARE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!
OBVIOUSLY I DIDN'T ARRIVE A MOMENT TOO SOON!

AND AS FOR THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT...
WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
A RUBBERIZED BUTTINSKI, IF I EVER SAW ONE!
CONTINUED ON 4TH PAGE FOLLOWING!

PLASTIC POSTCARDS

C-144

As this issue elastically announces, the rubber robber-hunter is back, in a brilliant new series of adventures by Steve Skeates and Ramona Fradon. But, some of you may ask, where is he back from?

Plaz started out as Eel O'Brian, a rather ordinary crook who fell into a vat of acid in the middle of a robbery and became something far more than ordinary. He became a pliable man . . . without any apparent bones or foundation for his flesh, he could shift his form at will. And the monks who nursed him back to health after the acid bath turned him from a crook to a crusader.

That was the beginning . . . and it happened in **POLICE COMICS** #1, in 1941. **Plaz** bounced through the forties and fifties, starring in 102 issues of **POLICE** and 64 issues of his own magazine. Then the **Quality Comics Group** which published those magazines died, and **Plaz** went with them.

Ten years after **Quality** closed shop, **DC** tried a new **PLASTIC MAN** comic. Times weren't right for the mirthful manhunter, or maybe he just didn't want to come back. Whatever it was, the title died after ten issues.

Plaz fans remained, and went underground here at **DC**. Secretly, silently, and frequently sillily, they kept trying to bring him back. And now, in a burst of creative insanity, they've won.

. . . . .

When **Plaz** bounced into Conway's Corner, we were uncertain of how to treat him, but we knew the team that had to do the mag. Steve Skeates and Ramona Fradon are possibly the only people in comics today who can capture the incredible feeling the strip had under **Plaz**'s writer/artist creator, Jack Cole, back in the forties and fifties. We're so proud of what these people have done that we're going to devote next issue's letters page just to them (to keep them from asking for a raise this issue).

So with the team assembled on our side of the desk, we had to put together the team to appear in the mag.

. . . . .

First of all came Woozy Winks, the best supporting character from the original series. Woozy also started his career on the shady side of the law, but after a run-in with **Plaz** he reformed and has served as the collapsible crusader's aide-de-camp ever since.

Then there was the matter of **Plaz**'s connection with a well-known Federal investigative agency, which we continued with his role in the N.B.I. Along with this came the rest of the cast, the chief, agent Gully Foyle, and super-secretary Sundae Supplement (who'll be trying her hand at the secret agent business next issue).

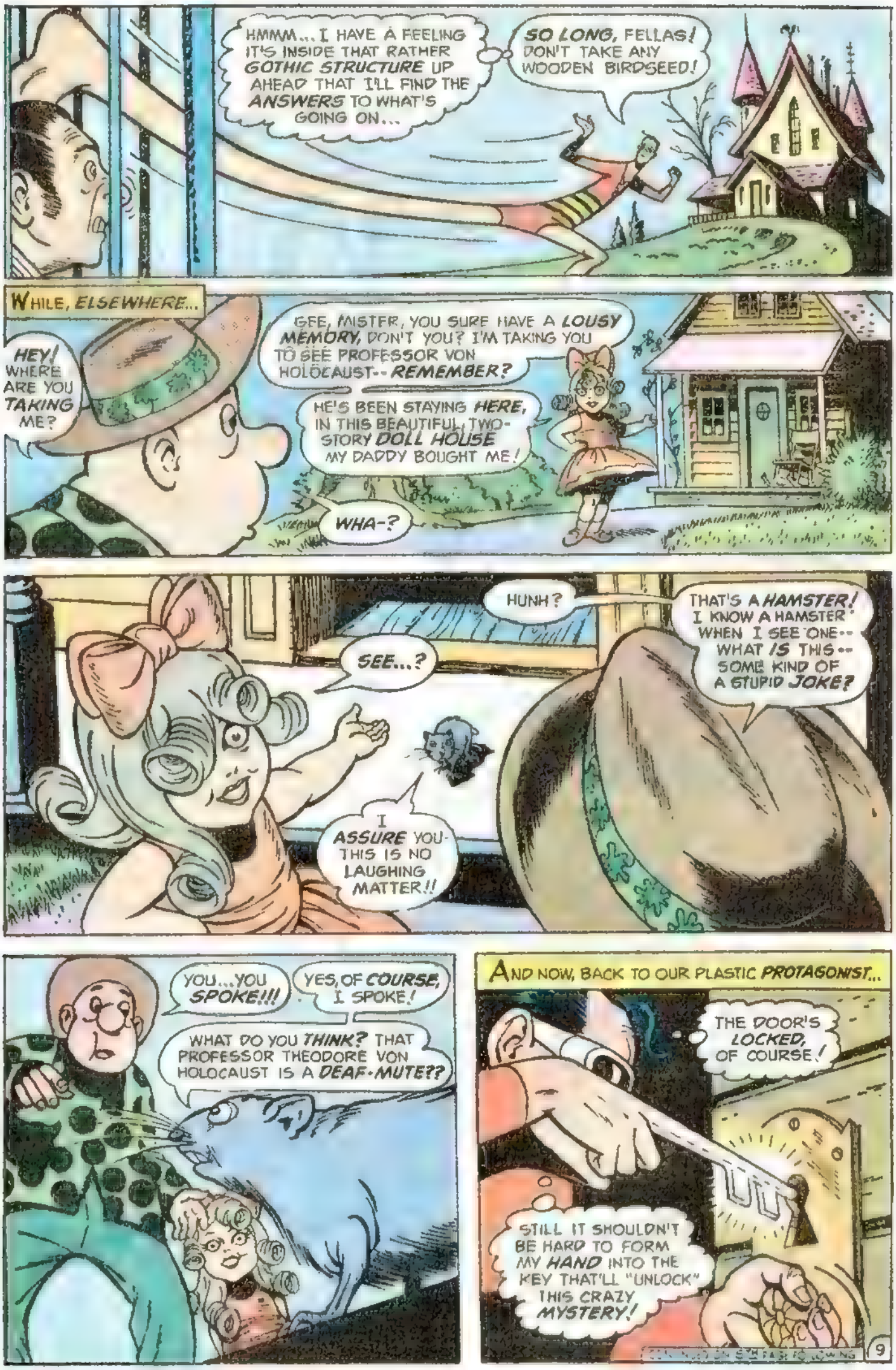
. . . . .

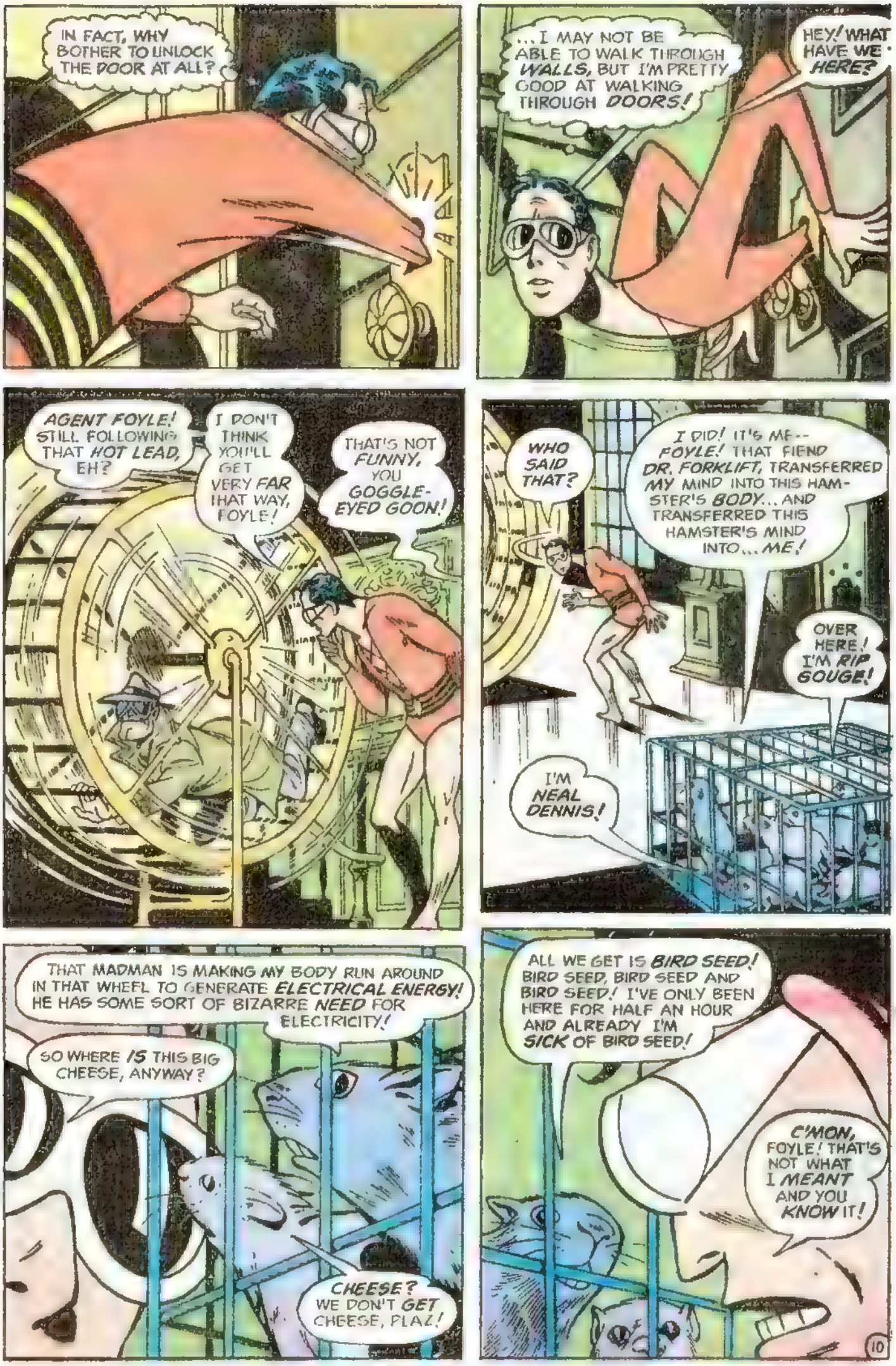
From there, we moved to the story now before you. From here, we're continuing to move on. Next issue, "The Bogus Men'll Get You If You Don't Watch Out!" and Bob Smith debuts as inker (no, he hasn't seen any buffalos recently, and yes, that is his name). Be there, for exciting scenes like the one below (and meanwhile send your comments on this issue to us at: PLASTIC POSTCARDS, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019).

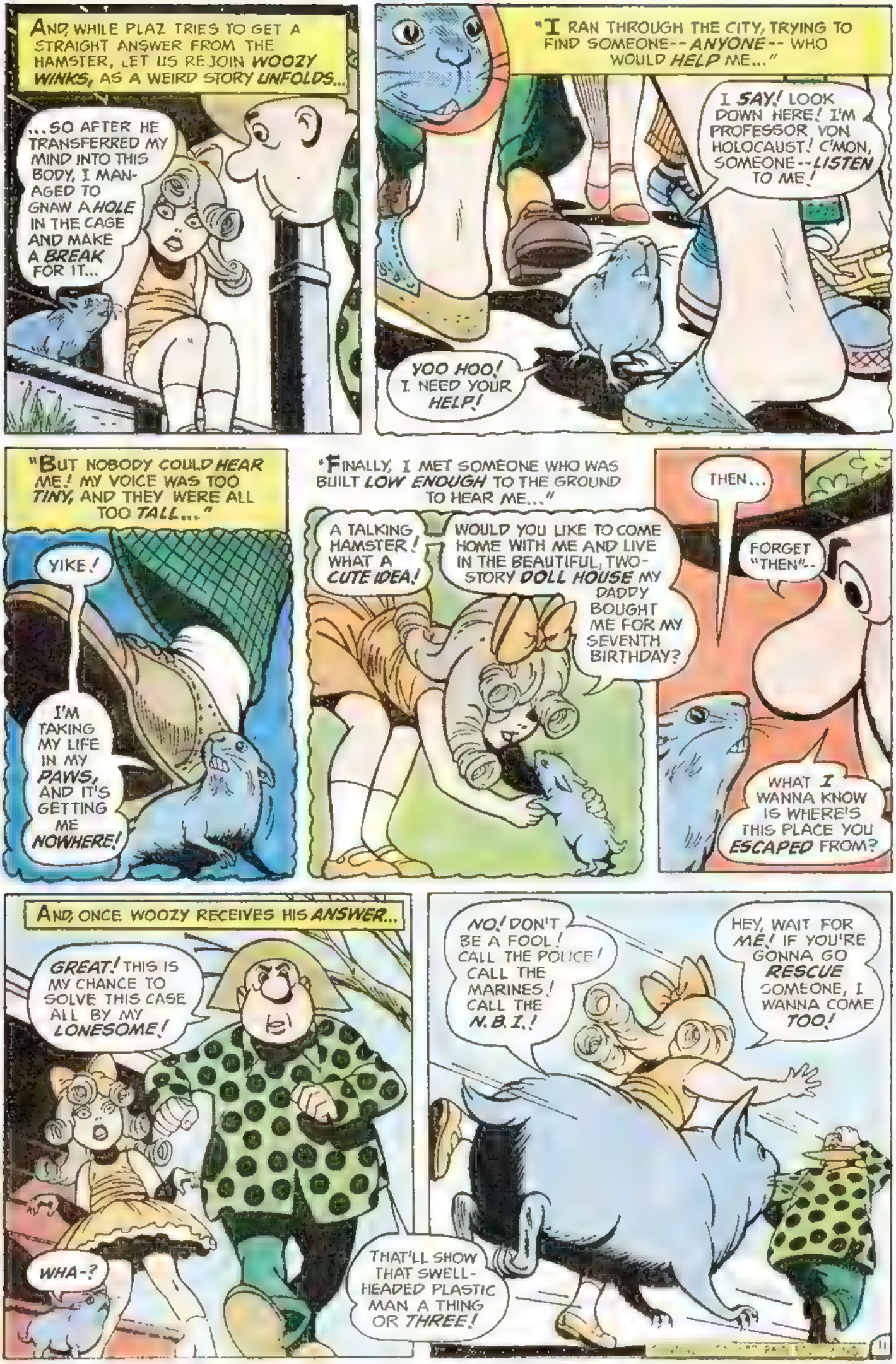
PLASTIC MAN YESTERDAY

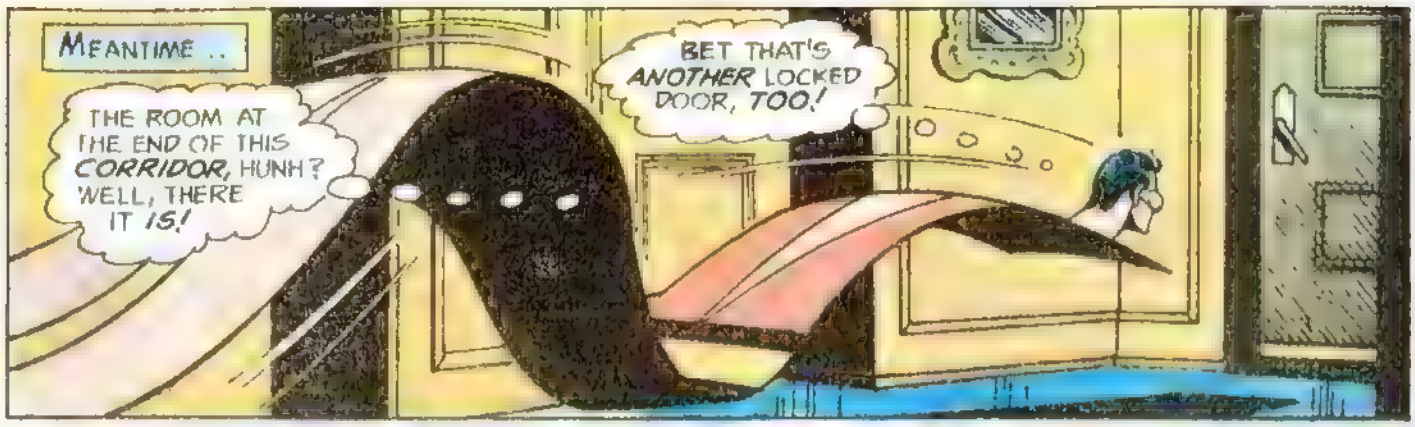
PLASTIC MAN TOMORROW

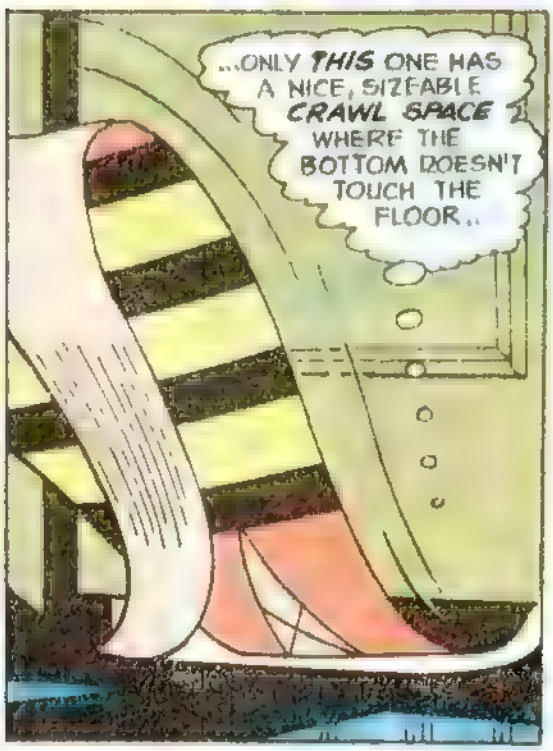
HE'S PLANNING TO MESS THINGS UP FOR ME-- BUT ACTUALLY, HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
ANY MOMENT NOW, THE GREAT PLASTIC MAN WILL BE COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY!
THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY BY PULLING A FANCY DISAPPEARING ACT!
I'M GONNA STICK TO THEM LIKE A SPARE TIRE ON A SPORTS CAR!
ONE GOOD THING ABOUT FIGHTING MEN WITH HAMSTER BRAINS--
THEY'RE SO DUMB, THEY'RE NOT EVEN AWARE I'M STILL HANGING AROUND.. THEIR NECKS!
REALITY SPINS OUT OF FOCUS, AS...
OOG! EVERYTHING SWIMMING AROUND ME-- DOING THE BACKSTROKE!
MY FRIENDS MAY NOT BE SMART ENOUGH FOR THIS TO MAKE THEM SICK--
AS FOR ME-- UGGH!
BUT, BEFORE HIS DIZZINESS CAN REACH OVERWHELMING PROPORTIONS...
HUH? I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED INTO SOME SORT OF HUGE HAMSTER CAGE!
YICK! LOOK AT THEM! GROWN MEN, SCRAMBLING ON ALL FOURS--
--EATING BIRD SEED! THIS IS DISGUSTING!

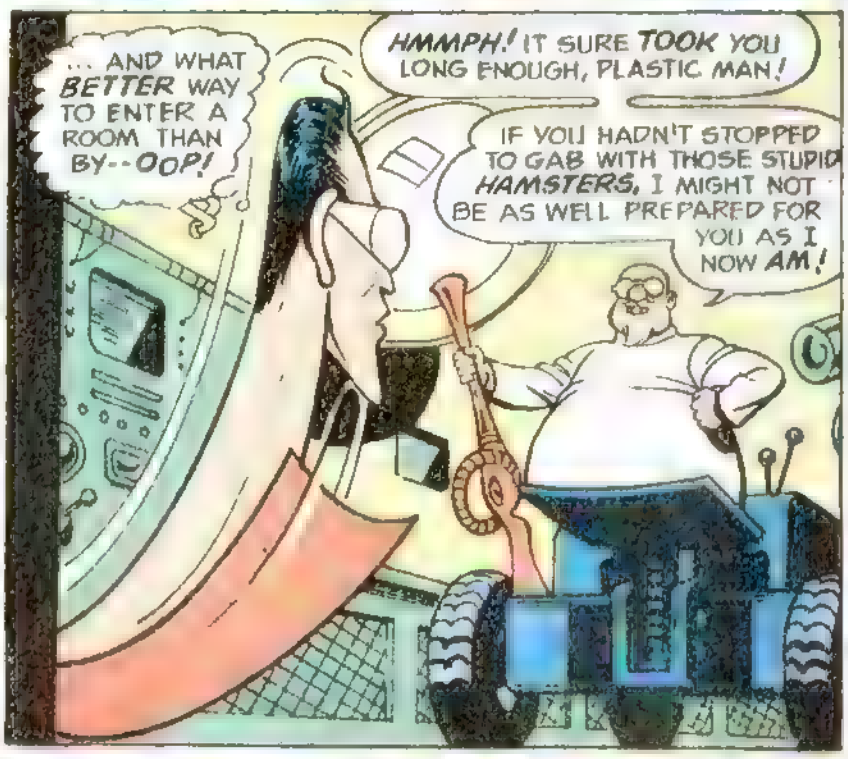

HMMM... I HAVE A FEELING IT'S INSIDE THAT RATHER GOTHIC STRUCTURE UP AHEAD THAT I'LL FIND THE ANSWERS TO WHAT'S GOING ON...
SO LONG, FELLAS! DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN BIRDSEED!
WHILE, ELSEWHERE...
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
GEE, MISTER, YOU SURE HAVE A LOUSY MEMORY, DON'T YOU? I'M TAKING YOU TO SEE PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST-- REMEMBER?
HE'S BEEN STAYING HERE, IN THIS BEAUTIFUL, TWO-STORY DOLL HOUSE MY DADDY BOUGHT ME!
WHA-?
HUNH?
SEE...?
I ASSURE YOU- THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER!!
THAT'S A HAMSTER! I KNOW A HAMSTER WHEN I SEE ONE-- WHAT IS THIS-- SOME KIND OF A STUPID JOKE?
YOU...YOU SPOKE!!!
YES, OF COURSE, I SPOKE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK? THAT PROFESSOR THEODORE VON HOLOCAUST IS A DEAF-MUTE??
AND NOW, BACK TO OUR PLASTIC PROTAGONIST...
THE DOOR'S LOCKED, OF COURSE!
STILL IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FORM MY HAND INTO THE KEY THAT'LL "UNLOCK" THIS CRAZY MYSTERY!
9


IN FACT, WHY BOTHER TO UNLOCK THE DOOR AT ALL?
...I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO WALK THROUGH WALLS, BUT I'M PRETTY GOOD AT WALKING THROUGH DOORS!
HEY! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
AGENT FOYLE! STILL FOLLOWING THAT HOT LEAD, EH?
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET VERY FAR THAT WAY, FOYLE!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY, YOU GOGGLE-EYED GOON!
WHO SAID THAT?
I DID! IT'S ME-- FOYLE! THAT FIEND DR. FORKLIFT, TRANSFERRED MY MIND INTO THIS HAMSTER'S BODY... AND TRANSFERRED THIS HAMSTER'S MIND INTO... ME!
OVER HERE! I'M RIP GOUGE!
I'M NEAL DENNIS!
THAT MADMAN IS MAKING MY BODY RUN AROUND IN THAT WHEEL TO GENERATE ELECTRICAL ENERGY! HE HAS SOME SORT OF BIZARRE NEED FOR ELECTRICITY!
SO WHERE IS THIS BIG CHEESE, ANYWAY?
CHEESE? WE DON'T GET CHEESE, PLAZ!
ALL WE GET IS BIRD SEED! BIRD SEED, BIRD SEED AND BIRD SEED! I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR AND ALREADY I'M SICK OF BIRD SEED!
C'MON, FOYLE! THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT AND YOU KNOW IT!
10


AND, WHILE PLAZ TRIES TO GET A STRAIGHT ANSWER FROM THE HAMSTER, LET US REJOIN WOOZY WINKS, AS A WEIRD STORY UNFOLDS...
...SO AFTER HE TRANSFERRED MY MIND INTO THIS BODY, I MANAGED TO GNAW A HOLE IN THE CAGE AND MAKE A BREAK FOR IT...
"I RAN THROUGH THE CITY, TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE--ANYONE-- WHO WOULD HELP ME..."
I SAY! LOOK DOWN HERE! I'M PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST! C'MON, SOMEONE--LISTEN TO ME!
YOO HOO! I NEED YOUR HELP!
"BUT NOBODY COULD HEAR ME! MY VOICE WAS TOO TINY, AND THEY WERE ALL TOO TALL..."
YIKE!
I'M TAKING MY LIFE IN MY PAWS, AND IT'S GETTING ME NOWHERE!
"FINALLY, I MET SOMEONE WHO WAS BUILT LOW ENOUGH TO THE GROUND TO HEAR ME..."
A TALKING HAMSTER! WHAT A CUTE IDEA!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME WITH ME AND LIVE IN THE BEAUTIFUL, TWO-STORY DOLL HOUSE MY DADDY BOUGHT ME FOR MY SEVENTH BIRTHDAY?
THEN...
FORGET "THEN"--
WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS WHERE'S THIS PLACE YOU ESCAPED FROM?
AND, ONCE WOOZY RECEIVES HIS ANSWER...
GREAT! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SOLVE THIS CASE ALL BY MY LONESOME!
WHA-?
NO! DON'T BE A FOOL! CALL THE POLICE! CALL THE MARINES! CALL THE N.B.I.!
HEY, WAIT FOR ME! IF YOU'RE GONNA GO RESCUE SOMEONE, I WANNA COME TOO!
THAT'LL SHOW THAT SWELL-HEADED PLASTIC MAN A THING OR THREE!
11


MEANTIME ..
THE ROOM AT THE END OF THIS CORRIDOR, HUNH? WELL, THERE IT IS!
BET THAT'S ANOTHER LOCKED DOOR, TOO!


...ONLY THIS ONE HAS A NICE, SIZEABLE CRAWL SPACE WHERE THE BOTTOM DOESN'T TOUCH THE FLOOR..


... AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO ENTER A ROOM THAN BY--OOP!
HMMPH! IT SURE TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH, PLASTIC MAN!
IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED TO GAB WITH THOSE STUPID HAMSTERS, I MIGHT NOT BE AS WELL PREPARED FOR YOU AS I NOW AM!

BZZZZAP!
IN OTHER WORDS-- WELCOME, YOU ELASTIC LUMMOX, TO THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE FANTABULOUS DR. FORKLIFT--
--THE ONE AND ONLY CYBORG-CENTAUR!!

GOOD GRIEF! WH WHAT HAS HE DONE TO ME?
I--I'M INVOLUNTARILY STRETCHING TO MY ABSOLUTE LIMIT!
AND MY ELASTICITY--I'M LOSING MY ELASTICITY!

I'VE BECOME NOT UNLIKE A...A PLATE OF LIMP SPAGHETTI!
HA! EVEN N.B.I.'S FOREMOST AGENT HAS FINALLY MET HIS MATCH --HAVEN'T YOU, MR. MAN?
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, MY FINE FLACCID FRIEND!
SOON YOU WILL BE BUT ANOTHER OF MY WITLESS UNDERLINGS--LIKE THE GREAT NEAL DENNIS AND THE FABULOUS FRANK LLOYD VAN SKEET!
TODAY, OUR LOCAL PROMINENT CITIZENS--TOMORROW, THE WORLD!
AH, WHAT WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES THERE ARE FOR ONE TO RAISE HIS STATION TODAY. I'VE CERTAINLY COME A LONG WAY THESE PAST FEW YEARS--A LONG, LONG WAY...
OH NO! THIS MANIAC'S ABOUT TO GO INTO A FLASHBACK!
WHY DOES EVERY VILLAIN I FACE FEEL COMPELLED TO TELL ME HIS SILLY LIFE STORY? DO THEY REALLY THINK I'M INTERESTED?
BUT YOU'RE INTERESTED, AREN'T YOU, READER? OKAY, SO LISTEN...
"ONCE I WAS BUT A PLAYER--A POOR AND HARDLY PROSPEROUS PUBLIC PERFORMER! OUR NAME? 'THE GREAT GOLLI-GOSHO AND HIS TRAINED HAMSTERS'!"
"THEN, ONE DAY, WHILE I PUT THE TINY TYKES THROUGH THEIR PACES FOR THE WORKERS AT A CHEMICAL PLANT, WE HAD US A LITTLE ACCIDENT..."
UH-OH! MY NEWEST HAMSTER HAS GONE BERSERK WITH STAGE FRIGHT!
HE'S KNOCKING OVER A SPOTLIGHT! AND IT'S FALLING THIS WAY--!

"THE IMMEDIATE RESULT WAS AN *EXPLOSION* CONSISTING OF *ME*, THE *SPOTLIGHT*, A NEAR-BY *FORKLIFT TRUCK*, VARIOUS SPILLED *CHEMICALS*, AND A NUMBER OF PAPERS BEARING HIGHLY INTRICATE *SCIENTIFIC NOTATIONS*..."

"...EXPLODED BY ENOUGH *ELECTRICAL ENERGY* TO BLOW THE ENTIRE STATE OF *KANSAS* INTO THE *BALTIC SEA!*"

"WHEN I *AWOKE*, I FOUND THAT PART OF MY BODY HAD BEEN *BLASTED AWAY*... WHILE THE AFOREMENTIONED FORKLIFT TRUCK HAD BEEN *FUSED* TO WHAT WAS LEFT..."

"THE GREAT *DR. FORKLIFT* HAD BEEN BORN!

"I HAD BECOME A *GENIUS!* PERHAPS THOSE SCIENTIFIC NOTATIONS I *ABSORBED* WERE RESPONSIBLE..."

"...BUT IN ANY CASE, MY FANTASTIC NEW BRAIN WOULD FUNCTION *ONLY* WHEN BOMBARDED BY AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF *ELECTRICITY*..."

USING THIS GREAT NEW BRAIN, I CREATED THE DEVICE WITH WHICH I *TRANSFER MINDS*...

AND *MORE*--

--THIS INCREDIBLE ORGAN *ALSO* CREATED THE MATTER-TRANSMITTER WHICH BROUGHT YOU HERE... AS WELL AS THE *RAY* WHICH TRANSFORMED YOU INTO A VERITABLE *RAG-MOP!*

AND NOW, FOR THE *ULTIMATE INSULT!*

I'M GOING TO PUT *YOUR* MIND INTO THIS SQUIRMY LITTLE *HAMSTER*...

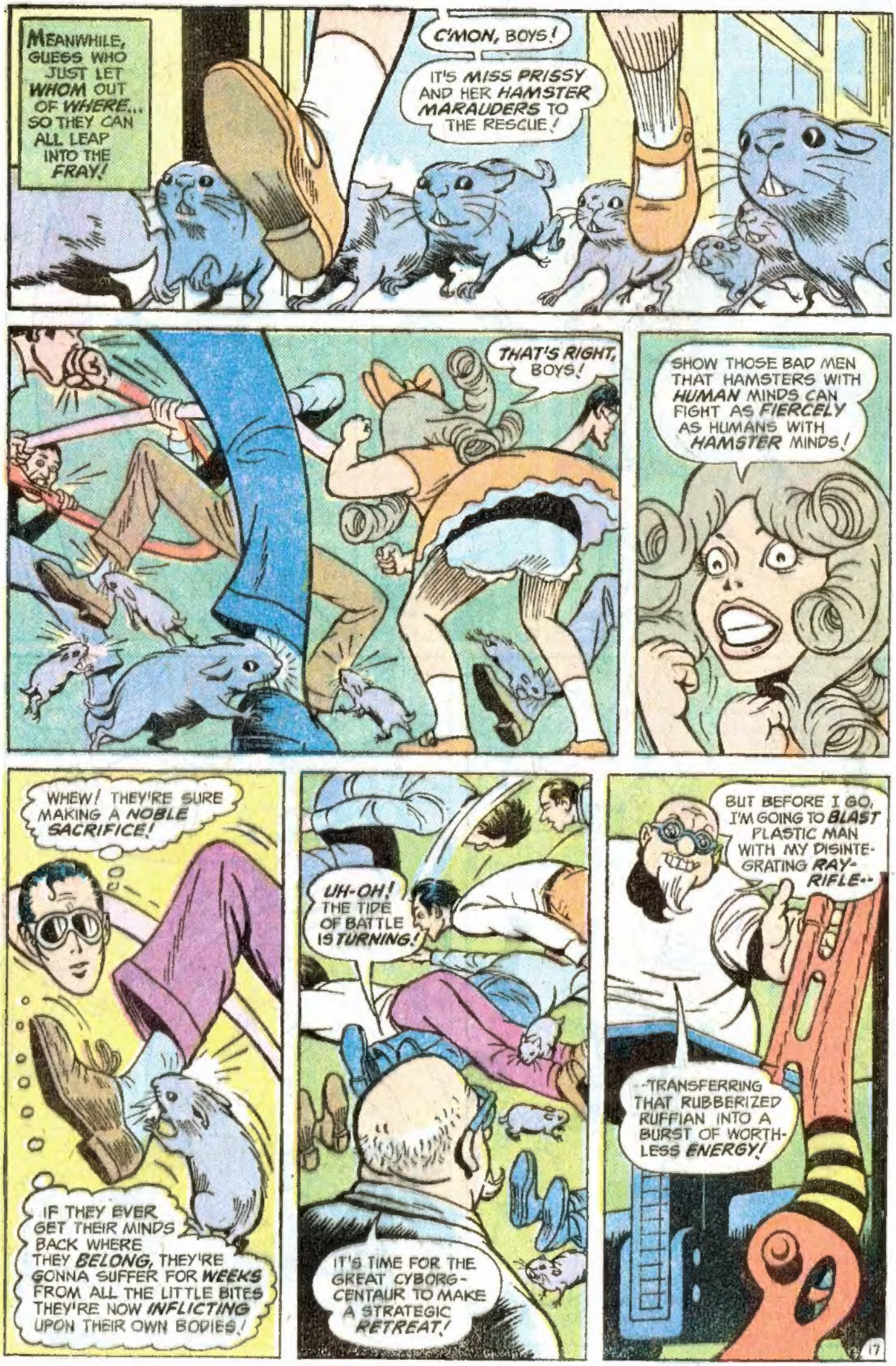
...AND TRANSFER *HIS* OBEDIENT MIND INTO *YOU!*

THIS IS *BAD!* HIS SILLY FLASHBACK'S OVER--

--AND I *STILL* HAVEN'T FIGURED A WAY OUTTA THIS *FIX!*

HOW ABOUT THAT, FOLKS? THIS IS A DIRE SITUATION! BUT DON'T FRET TOO FURIOUSLY... BECAUSE HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!!
WOW!
WHOEVER THIS BAD GUY IS, HE MUST HAVE FANTASTIC DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR--
HEY, MISTER--SLOW DOWN, WILLYA? MY CUTE LITTLE LEGS AREN'T AS LONG AS YOURS!
HMPH!
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS?
A SLIGHTLY OPENED WINDOW IS ALL A FABULOUS SECRET AGENT LIKE ME NEEDS!
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME NOW BEFORE I--
PLEASE! LISTEN TO REASON! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE ALONE!
HE'S NOT ALONE! HE'S GOT US!
US? ARE YOU BOTH CRAZY?
PROFESSOR VON HOLOCAUST--CALM DOWN, WILLYA?
YOU MAY HAVE A TINY VOICE, BUT KEEP YELLING LIKE THAT AND SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO HEAR YOU!
WE'LL HEAD FOR THE RAFTERS--WHERE WE'LL HAVE A GOOD VIEW OF WHAT'S GOING ON BELOW!
THERE! AND NOW...
WHOOP!
YIIIII
HOW'S THIS FOR A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE?
BBBZZZAAAP
WHA-?
PLAZ! SPEAK TO ME! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?
OH, I'M SUCH A DUMB CLUMSY! PLEASE, PLAZ, PLEASE BE ALL RIGHT!
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING
15

WOOZY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT THAT BLAST YOU JUST GOT ME HIT WITH NULLIFIED THE FIRST BLAST I RECEIVED!
I'M MY OLD PLIANT, SELF-RELIANT SELF AGAIN!
ULP!
AW, IT WAS NOTHING, PLAZ! JUST DOING WHAT ANY CLEVER AND RESOURCE-FUL SECRET AGENT WOULD DO!
POW!
OH NO, YOU DON'T! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME BY RAISING YOURSELF TOWARD THE ROOF-BEAMS!
HAMSTERS! STOP THIS FOOL! GRAB HIM! TEAR HIM APAR-- OOMPHFF!
UH-OH! THESE HAMSTER-HEADS GOT HIS MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR--
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, WOOZY!
HAVE AT 'EM, MR. WINKS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PAL! I CAN HOLD MY OWN!
IF THERE'S ONE THING I AM, IT'S AN EXCELLENT FISTICUFFS PRACTITIONER!
16


MEANWHILE, GUESS WHO JUST LET WHOM OUT OF WHERE... SO THEY CAN ALL LEAP INTO THE FRAY!
C'MON, BOYS!
IT'S MISS PRISSY AND HER HAMSTER MARAUDERS TO THE RESCUE!
THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS!
SHOW THOSE BAD MEN THAT HAMSTERS WITH HUMAN MINDS CAN FIGHT AS FIERCELY AS HUMANS WITH HAMSTER MINDS!
WHEW! THEY'RE SURE MAKING A NOBLE SACRIFICE!
IF THEY EVER GET THEIR MINDS BACK WHERE THEY BELONG, THEY'RE GONNA SUFFER FOR WEEKS FROM ALL THE LITTLE BITES THEY'RE NOW INFLICTING UPON THEIR OWN BODIES!
UH-OH! THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS TURNING!
IT'S TIME FOR THE GREAT CYBORG-CENTAUR TO MAKE A STRATEGIC RETREAT!
BUT BEFORE I GO, I'M GOING TO BLAST PLASTIC MAN WITH MY DISINTEGRATING RAY-RIFLE--
--TRANSFERRING THAT RUBBERIZED RUFFIAN INTO A BURST OF WORTHLESS ENERGY!

HUNH? WHERE'D HE GO?
HE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO! HE--
SURPRISE! YOU SILLY CYBORG-CENTAUR!
THIS PLIABLE AGENT IS OFTEN CLOSER AT HAND THAN ANYONE REALIZES!
BOK
UGH!
AND SO, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL...
WELL, IT WAS A BIT OF WORK, BUT WE'VE FINALLY GOT EVERY-ONE'S MIND BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!
AS FOR DR. FORKLIFT, AS LONG AS THE POLICE KEEP ALL ELECTRICITY OUT OF HIS REACH, HE'S NOT ABOUT TO BECOME A THREAT AGAIN!
WE SURE MAKE A GREAT TEAM, DON'T WE, PLAZ? HUNH, PLAZ?
PLAZ...?
HEY-- WAIT, YOU GUYS!
WHAT ABOUT ME? YOU STILL HAVEN'T TRANSFERRED MY MIND BACK!
SAY, THAT'S RIGHT!
BUT YOU KNOW, FOYLE-- I KIND OF LIKE YOU BETTER THIS WAY!
18
WHADDYA YOU THINK, WOOZY? WOULDN'T YOU SAY THE SIZE HE IS NOW BETTER FITS HIS PERSONALITY?
SURE DOES! WHY NOT LEAVE HIM THE WAY HE IS--
--AND HE CAN GO LIVE IN THAT DOLL HOUSE IN PRISSY'S BACKYARD!
AW, C'MON, GUYS, QUIT FOOLING AROUND, GUYS...?
GUYS...?
GUYS!
The END
NEXT ISSUE ON SALE THE FOURTH WEEK IN JANUARY.